The SONG

Sung to the LOYAL-FEAST in *WESTMINSTER-HALL*, *July*, the 10*th*. 1684.

SEE, See the Air Clears : the Murmurs that grumbled,
The Gods and the Vengeance of *Charles* has all humbled.
The Heads that at Crowns would be reaching
Are Mounted on Poles, whil'ſt their Quarters hang bleaching.
So periſh the Tools of Fop-Property Kings
Where Fools would perch Cedars, and Knaves find 'em Wings.
No ; the ROYAL LINE is
A Channel that Divine is ;
For *CHARLES* and his Heirs we will ſpend our laſt Breath, Boys,
March thro' Seas and thro' Fire, thro' Blood Wounds and Death, Boys.
Then warm our Brisk Veins : for Allegiance inſpires us,
'Tis a Spark that's Cœleſtial when Loyalty Fires us.

Let Fate do her worſt, even in Ruine we are Crown'd
Though thrown down to Graves, to the Stars we'll Rebound ;
Freſh Laurels on the Tomb
Of the Honeſt ſhall bloom ;
Around the whole Globe let our Aſhes be hurld,
The Duſt of the LOYAL ſhall New Seed the World.
Around the whole Globe, &c.

All's our own Boys, our own Boys : The Triumph is gotten,
See the *Kirk-Dagon* tumbles, and th' *Old-Cauſe* is rotten.
Farewell to *Geneva*, your Fuſty
Old *Tony*'s Sedition and Tap-Lees run muſty.
That Compound of *Aches*, *Pox*, *Faction*, and *Gout*,
Is dropt into *STYX* and the Firebrand put out.
Let *FERGUSON* Preachers,
And *FARRINGTON* Rank Leachers
No more Cant *SEDITION* and *Church-Reformation*,
Come from Flogging at *Creſwell's* to Saving the Nation.
There's all ROGUE and CHEAT in *Fanatick* and *Rumper*,
Whil'ſt Honour and Truth are in *CHARLES* and a *Bumper*.

Let Famous *Mark Anthony* quaff his Rich PEARL,
The Price of a Kingdom, in a Health to a GIRL.
But whil'ſt OUR Bowls go Round
With CÆSAR's Health Crown'd,
And of all Hearts and Souls One Rich Off'ring we Bring :
There's a World in the GOBLET *that's drunk to the* KING.
Whil'ſt of all Hearts and Souls One Rich Off'ring we Bring,
Ther's a World in the GOBLET *that's drunk to the* KING.

By *E. SETTLE.*

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